

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY'S FUNNY DANCE.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Where is your new necktie, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she came out on the porch of the bunny rabbit's hollow stump bungalow one morning.

"My new necktie, Miss Fussy Wussy?" exclaimed Mr. Longears, "why, I didn't know I had to have one."

"Of course you have!" laughed Nurse Jane. "Don't you remember you said you'd take me to the dance, and Mrs. Wiggily, the duck lady, is going to give you a new one? Well, you'd better get it on, or you'll have plenty of time to get a tie."

"And I must have a little time to practice some new dance steps," said the bunny rabbit, "I am a little rusty, like the hinge of the garden gate, and I may squeak in my joints a bit, when I do some of the fancy steps, if I don't practice a little."

"Well, practice your dance, get a new necktie and you'll be all ready for the Wiggily party," said Nurse Jane.

The bunny rabbit gave his pink nose an extra twinkle or two, took his tail silk hat down off the rubber tree, reached his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch out of the umbrella rack and away he hopped over the middle and through the woods.

It did not take the rabbit gentleman long to get to the six and seven-cent store, and there he bought a twenty-five-cent necktie from a little mouse girl clerk.

"Now for the dance!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he once more hopped through the woods. When he came to a smooth, grassy place, in among some tall trees, he said to himself: "This will be a good place for me to practice."

So the bunny rabbit gentleman began wailing around, one, two, three, and doing the fox trot and the pony gallop and the duck quiggle, for he knew he would want to dance with Lulu and Alice Wiggible, to say nothing of their mother.

"Hum! I think that is very good for a starter," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "That's all right for plain dances. Now for something funny!" Then he began to slide around on one ear, and next he tipped over sideways on one paw, at the same time twinkling half his pink nose and scrambling the other half.

"That wasn't no bad," said Uncle Wiggily out loud, as he looked at his self in a woodland pool, which is the mirror used by all the animal folk.

"Not half bad," said the bunny.

"I agree with you!" suddenly cried a loud voice, and Uncle Wiggily was so surprised that he nearly turned a bad pepper.

"That was pretty good dancing," went on the voice. "Now I invite you to come to my house and dance for me."

"Who—who are you?" asked the bunny, expeditious like and graduated. But he had already begun to guess.

"Who are you?" Oh, I'm the Pipsawah," was the answer, given with a laugh.

"I've been watching you do that funny dance. Now you come along with me. The Skeeticks would like to see it, I'm sure."

"Well—couldn't you bring the Skeeticks here to watch me?" asked Uncle Wiggily, fox-like. Uncle Wiggily knew that if the Pipsawah would go away to bring the Skeeticks, that would give the bunny a chance to get home safe.

"I can't bring the Skeeticks here," said the Pipsawah, as he crawled out from behind a mulberry bush. "My friend, the Skeeticks, is in my house. I'll take you there so you can do a funny dance for him. It may make him feel better," and he grabbed Uncle Wiggily by the ears, and dragged the bunny off through the woods to his den, the Pipsawah did.

"Now, do a funny dance for us," ordered the Pipsawah, as he set the bunny down in the middle of the den, where the Skeeticks was stretched out on a pile of leaves. "Do a funny dance for us!"

"Oh, but I have to have music to dance," said Uncle Wiggily. "If one of you will make some music—"

"Music!" cried the Pipsawah. "Ha! I know! I can put a piece of tissue paper over the comb, and play music on that; and you can sing my friend Skeeticks. That will make music for Uncle Wiggily to dance by."

So the Pipsawah got a big comb, and put a piece of thin paper over it. Then he held the comb to his lips and began to toot.

"Toot!" he cried to Uncle Wiggily, and the bunny started to dance as the Pipsawah played on the comb, when, all of a sudden the big bad chair gave a howl and started to laugh so hard that tears came into his eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked the Skeeticks, who was playing the comb tickles my lips so queerly that I have to laugh!" cried the Pipsawah.

"You try!" So the Skeeticks tried, but playing comb music tickled his lips, too, that he laughed until he cried. The Pipsawah laughed, too, and the eyes of the two bad chairs were so full of laughing tears, from being tickled by the comb, that they couldn't see Uncle Wiggily at all. And the bunny ran out, while they were laughing themselves into hysterics, and soon Mr. Longears was safely home with his new necktie.

"Then he went to the party with Nurse Jane and did his funny dance, and every one liked it. And the Pipsawah and the Skeeticks were so full of laughing tears, from being tickled by the comb, that they couldn't see Uncle Wiggily at all. And the bunny ran out, while they were laughing themselves into hysterics, and soon Mr. Longears was safely home with his new necktie."

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LITTLE MARY MIXUP—He Could Only "Vamp" With It!



LEAVE IT TO LOU—Will He "Meter" at the Altar?



JOE'S CAR—She Feels That Seaside Scenery May Ruin Joe's Eyes!



THE GOSSIP

SHE'S A nice girl.
AND I like her.
AND MY wife likes her.
AND WE asked her out.
TO SPEND the week-end.
AND I'd been playing.
INSTEAD OF working.
AND I hadn't any copy.
FOR MONDAY'S paper.
AND I had to work.
AND AFTER dinner.
I GOT her a book.
AND A box of candy.
AND A big arm chair.
OUT ON the veranda.
AND LEFT her there.
AND CAME in to my desk!
AND SAT myself down.
AND WAITED there.
TILL SOMETHING should come.
THAT I could write.
AND SHE got up.
AND CAME into the house.
AND SHE had her book.
AND SAID, "Listen to this!"
AND READ me something.
AND I pretended to listen.
AND SHE argued about it.
AND WHATEVER she said.
I HAVE no idea.
BUT WHATEVER it was.
I AGREED with her.
AND SHE went back on the porch.
AND JUST at the moment.
I HAD found an idea.
SHE CAME back again.
AND STILL had her book.
AND READ something more.
AND ARGUED again.
AND AGAIN agreed.
AND FORGOT what it was.
I WAS going to write.
AND AFTER that.
SHE LAID down her book.
RIGHT CLOSE to my desk.
AND WANTED to know.
IF IT WASN'T hard.
TO WRITE something each day.
AND I said it was.
AND THEN she asked.
IF IT bothered me any.
TO HAVE her talk.
AND I said it didn't.
AND A little while later.
SHE MADE up her mind.
SHE'D WRITE a letter.
AND SAT at a table.
AND STARTED it.
AND I WROTE a paper.
AND GOT a paper.

HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1919.

Jupiter strongly dominates this day for good, according to astrology. The Sun, Saturn and Uranus are slightly adverse. All the signs appear to preface much business and commercial activity. This may bring not only large profit in certain quarters, but may cause international disputes, the seers foretell.

It is urged by all the readers of the stars that the best possible use shall be made of all national resources. The conservation of wealth is enjoined.

Bankers will come into politics, it is prophesied, and one will attain a very high place.

This is not a lucky day for those who seek work of any sort, especially when they must depend on the favor of men grown old in financial or commercial power.

Saturn and Uranus continue in an aspect exceedingly menacing to the public morals and a period of corrupting and defiling influences is predicted.

The foreboding of changed standards of life in America brings with it the promises that the stage and screen will become more and more powerful for good influences as the pulpit of the past.

The elimination of dramas that are risqué and the substitution of romantic or sentimental and romantic plays are prefigured by the stars and have been previously foretold.

The King of Italy comes under a way that is exceedingly threatening to him.

Persons persistently give warning of explosions and loss of life. A high official may be assassinated before the first of next month.

Deaths from poison seem to be forecast and the number of suicides will increase greatly in the autumn.

Persons whose habits are to be changed by the stars and have been previously foretold.

Children born on this day will probably be generous and kind, but restless and unsettled. These subjects of Leo are on the cusp and usually have Virgo traits.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.
The world-famous writer on vital subjects.

It is a condition and not a theory which stands in the way of our progress. There is something in our lives that hampers us, keeps us back and is a continual source of our misadventure. There it stands like some great rock across our pathway. We realize how helpless we are before it. No matter if we exert all our strength we cannot make it budge.

What are we going to do? Sit down in the roadway before that big rock and cry and let the rain beat down on us and the sun bake us while we brood on which placed such a stone in our path?

It is the natural and easy thing to do, but it doesn't get us anywhere and it doesn't get the stone anywhere.

What is the practical thing to do in any situation? Face it, and face it about your merits, unless you wish to be a failure.

There is the whole secret of successful human endeavor. To pray is very often to act.

There are people who have what seems to be an insuperable diffidence which stands in the way of their advancement. They say: "I just simply can't push myself. If things don't come to me because of my merits, why I prefer not to have them."

But how is anyone going to know about his merits, unless you put them in the shop window?

A person of small attainments who not only makes the most of them, but who also wears them all over his sleeve like service stripes, and all over his chest like medals, is apt to get the things he is after much more surely than the one who retires into his shell and waits for someone with patience and x-ray eyes to come along and discover him.

Why should you be the one to take the back seat? Why should you be the one to your diffidence and self-consciousness master you while you watch someone with perhaps not half your ability and

A Line On Men You Read About

Hon. King Swope, youngest member of congress and first Republican to represent the Eighth Kentucky district in almost a quarter of a century, owns that he will ride a hobby to Washington.

It relates to the army, in which he served as captain of the line. His first ambition was a member of congress in the correction of mistakes which came to his notice during his war tour.

There are hundreds of soldiers in the Louisville pension office who should not be there," he said in a recent interview.

"Many of them have been and will be released through the activities of the board of clemency. In about 1,633 cases that had been reviewed up to the last report I have seen more than 1,500 had been recommended for pardon."

"When over \$300 belonging to the treasury of St. Stephen's Baptist church, for negroes, Third street and Mill avenue, that had been sent aside for the building of a new church, vanished, the members of the congregation, accused Rev. O. C. Maxwell, negro pastor, and died a few minutes later in the arms of her cousin, Mrs. Wynn."

In a great baseball game at Red Elm park the Lawyers beat the Doctors by the score of 8 to 7. The receipts went to charity. Dobbins and Hagdale for the M.D.s and Sawrie and Harwood for the Barristers were the batterers.

Twice Told Tales

Ten Years Ago Today in Memphis.
AUG. 21, 1909.

Whisky valued at \$25,000 was consumed when fire destroyed the warehouses of John Eaton & Co., at the intersection of the Illinois Central railroad and Wolf river.

Ed H. Crump made his formal announcement as a candidate for mayor for the election that was to be held that fall.

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Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by John C. Guinness, the Sunshine Man.

"Take heed and beware of covetousness."—Luke xii, 15.

Covetousness is an enemy to aims, though not to all the effects of mercy; but this is to be cured by proper motives to charity, and by the proper rules of justice, which being secured, the arts of getting money are not easily made criminal. To which also we may add:

Covetousness makes a man miserable, because riches are not means to make a man happy; and unless felicity were to be bought with money, he is a vain person who admires heaps of gold and rich possessions. For what Hippocrates used to say to some persons, who complained of a fall man as fit to be a champion in the Olympic games—"It is true," said he, "if the crown hangs so high that the longest arm could reach it"—the same we may say concerning riches, which are excellent things, if the richest man were certainly the wisest and the best. But as they are, they are nothing to be wondered at, because they contribute nothing towards felicity, which appears, because some men are so miserably that they may be rich, rather than be happy with the expense of money and doing noble things.—Jeremy Taylor.

I can hear these violet choruses
To the sky's benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

I—I am, a part of the poem.
Of its very sight and sound.
For my heart beats toward "rhyming"
To the Sabbath that lies around.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar for ever,
When it can not be lifted away?

W. C. Gannett.
May 31, 1911.
Dayton, Ohio.

HE QUITTED HIS JOB.

The Swedes are often said to be not an emotional race. Sven was nursing the logs down the incline leading to the big saw in the mill. The superintendent passed that way. "This has too much work for one man," Sven told him. "I need help. All right," replied the superintendent. "I'll see John down to help you. An hour passed. Superintendent again passed that way. Sven had the same complaint. "This has too much work for one man," Sven told him. "Where is he?" "Oh, John—oh, he ain't here for quite a while." "Where did he go?" "Oh, he went down between two logs. I think he quit his job."

Some of the officers who voted to send them to prison were of the stripe who kept bankers' hours, and much of their duty consisted in knocking the varnish off of mahogany furniture with spurs they didn't need. One stood post. The other went where and when he chose. I hope to be instrumental in doing something for the relief of the men in the ranks. I have been too busy to formulate any bills, but among the forms I want to see adopted is the trial of soldiers by their peers—enlisted men.